THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

"Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number "have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—commencing "DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

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FOR THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

BEHOLDER.

No. IV.

WE have seen the systematic operation of partiality to France and antipathy to England, from the institution of our government to the present hour; and have noticed some of the principal instances in which their operation has been the most mischievous. We have seen that through the whole course of the federal administrations, this accursed spirit *advanced its miscreated front athwart the way*, and embarrassed every important proceeding. We have seen it, in the reign of Jefferson, "in the full tide of successful experiment," bearing down the mounds which the labours of twelve years had erected against it, and sweeping away our sovereignty and independence. Knowing, then, the evils we have suffered, what are the dangers we fear?

From that partial spirit which can see no evil in France, or justifies it, if seen, we fear the utter subversion of our liberties. The same tameness that will sacrifice to a favourite power thirty-two thousand dollars for the sake "of meeting in a common point," that will surrender fifteen millions, and accept Pandora's box as an equivalent; that will give two millions more because they are demanded; that will interdict commerce whenever it is required; the same tameness will permit an armed enemy to enter our harbours, point them the road to the capitol, and unfurl for them their flag on its top. The same band of cowering legislators that suffer Talleyrand to pick our pockets, would let Bernadotte cut our throats.

But, say these sapient politicians, "Our country is young—war is not congenial with republics—it is better to sooth than contend with our enemies—war is a dreadful scourge, and we may prevent it by the civility of our principles, and by our corresponding dispositions." To observations like these we can give no softer name than the "folly of fools." Is Switzerland safer for her cringing? Is she more secure by means of her contributions? Is Germany free because she joyed at the prospect of emancipation by French soldiers? Has Prussia gained by the indecisive policy of her king? On the contrary, has not Bonaparte reproached him for his "irresolution," and driven him from his capital? The fate of Prussia warns us not to temporize. But those who have been blind till now, will never see till the conflagration of their dwellings opens their eyes. If Troy must fall, Cassandra warns in vain, and Laocoon admonishes for nought. And let us remember that the stratagem of Sinon effected more than the ten years' siege, or the thousand ships of Greece. Where arms are unavailing, art often succeeds; and Philip's mule with gold is more powerful than the phalanx of Alexander. The adroitness of Gallic diplomacy is as much to be dreaded as the power of Gallic arms. The blind of our country will be entangled by the former, till the enlightened are unable to resist the latter. The conduct of our rulers has brought us to an alternative:—we must either pre-

nounce them blind, or worse than blind. In the present state of the world, and of our country in particular, the last session of Congress should have evinced a spirit worthy of 1776, and shewn the world that we are not yet resigned to oppression and conquest. But the second session of the ninth Congress was twin to the first. It was spent in debates upon bridges and the salt-tax, while our commerce is left to be plundered, while commotion disturbs our interior, and war lours on our frontiers. While Bonaparte is subjecting Europe at his feet, and putting our existence in jeopardy—while our coasts are unarmed, and our harbours defenceless, Congres loll away the day and dream away the night, and leave us to the mercy of him who has poisoned his own soldiers, and in cool blood massacred thousands of his prisoners. They cry peace, peace, while our limits are invaded, and slumber securely amid the dangers that surround us. Surely when the surrounding elements are in commotion, our rulers should be on the watch-towers. But we find them at hotels, and at balls, while the interests of the nation are neglected. The opiate of faction seems to have lulled them into a slumberous state, from which the wand of Hermes could scarce wake them. Common danger unites them not; but flowing in the same channel down to the sea of destruction, they, like the fabled rivers, will not unite.

But there is another class beside the blind, whose influence we have to fear. I mean those who see the encroaching power of France, and wish it success. That there are such we cannot doubt; for it is impossible that all who are silent should be ignorant. This class is probably small. Partiality rarely drives to open and unblushing corruption, though it often hoodwinks and bewilders. But small as this class may be, it is not harmless. We can, however, do nothing to prevent its evils. As long as overt acts of treason are not committed, we can only point out the men, and caution against intrusting them with authority. If it shall be necessary, we must hold up the individuals to their country's detestation—for be it noted, THERE ARE MEN WHO WOULD GLADLY DELIVER THIS COUNTRY TO BONAPARTE, IF THEY COULD SECURE TO THEMSELVES THE FIRST OFFICE OF A COUNTY.

National prepossessions are extremely dangerous. It is impossible to feel an undue partiality for one nation, and not be inimical to its rival enemy. This truth is most convincingly proved by the experience of these United States; and the evils we have yet to suffer, will demonstrate it beyond the power of contradiction. But though it may be too late for us to profit by it, future generations will enrol in capitals on their political temples:—Let nations stand aloof from acrimonious enmity and fond prepossession: So may they escape the evils which our fathers suffered, and maintain that independence which our fathers lost.

AMERICANUS.

For the Weekly Inspector.

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus. HOR. ART OF POETRY.

Who can contain his spleen when Homer nods?

IN reading the Stranger in Ireland lately, I was very much surprised to meet with some quotations from writers of the first rank introduced in an enumeration of bulls, for the reader's entertainment. As we have it from good authority that the Mæonian himself sometimes suffered himself to indulge in a nap, we need not wonder that Mr. Carr, who, though perhaps he can spin a sonnet as well as the "Parent of verse," would hardly be trusted with an Iliad, should be betrayed into an inadvertency occasionally; but that for the sake of a jest he should permit himself to say what his taste undoubtedly contradicted, is surprising indeed.

First he quotes Pope's Iliad,

Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth.

Here surely is no bull: the dam is not called one of the eight infants—she is only said to be the ninth—bird, animal, creature, or any other term applicable to both. We find the same phraseology in the original:

Οκτω· αταρ μητης εινατη ην 'η τεκε τεκνα.

I confess the project of young Maro of executing an Æneid that should *outlast immortal Rome*, is something hyperbolical. I rather think, however, that Pope did not affix the idea of absolute eternity to the word *immortal*, when he made use of it in this instance, but some indeterminate and unlimited duration.

Dryden is next brought into the temple to give sport to the spectators. His bull lies in

"A horrid *silence* first *invades* the ears."

A quotation, if my memory do not deceive me, from his Palamon and Arcite.

A horrid *silence* may be said to *invade* the ear of those who have just quitted a scene of noise and tumult, with as much propriety, I presume, as a horrid *darkness* is said to *invade* the eyes of such as are plunged from the glare of noon day into the abyss of a dungeon, or the gloom of a vault. The expression appears to me extremely expressive and just. Next Thomson, in his exquisite picture of Lavinia, is said to sing

He saw her charming, but he saw *not half*
The charms her downcast modesty *conceal'd*.

Here, forsooth, we are to believe the poet merely informs us that Palemon was not lynx-eyed enough to pierce through the veil of modesty that *conceal'd* her charms—that he was not able to see the one half of those charms that were concealed by her downcast modesty. Ridiculous! "Half the charms her downcast modesty concealed," simply implies charms half in number to those that were concealed.

DELTA.

To the Editor of the Weekly Inspector.

SIR,

IN a late number of your Inspector, you republished a translation of Dr. Parr's celebrated sketch of the character of Edmund Burke. Although this was written some time before Mr. Burke had reached the meridian of his political glory, when as yet he was known only as the patriot, the orator, the philosopher, and the statesman, and before he had appeared as the "mighty sea-mark of these troubled days," as the champion and defender of all that is honest, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is of good report; yet the great outlines of his character are drawn with admirable precision and spirit.

Permit me to offer to your readers a companion-piece to this portrait—on a different subject, indeed, but, like that, from the hand of a master. It is a picture of the character, views, and designs of the French philosophists and their great leader, the high-priest of impiety, the prime architect of ruin—the infamous Voltaire. All eulogium on the author will be superfluous, when I have said that it is by the pious, the learned, and the eloquent Horsley, late Bishop of St. Asaph.

Your's, &c. V.

"The centre from which the mischief hath spread, is France. In that kingdom the mystery of iniquity began to work somewhat earlier than the middle of the century which is just passed away. Its machinations at first were secret, unperceived, disguised. Its instruments were persons in no conspicuous stations. But by the persevering zeal of an individual, who, by an affectation of a depth of universal learning he never possessed; by audacity in the circulation of what he knew to be falsified history; by a counterfeit zeal for toleration; but above all by a certain brilliancy of unprincipled wit, contrived to acquire a celebrity for his name and a deference to his opinions, far beyond the proportion of what might be justly due either to his talents or his attainments (though neither the one nor the other were inconsiderable); by the persevering zeal, I say, of this miscreant, throughout a long, though an infirm and sickly life of bold active impiety, a conspi-

racy was formed of all the wit, the science, the philosophy, and the politics, not only of France alone, but of many other countries, for the extirpation of the Christian name. The art, the industry, the disguise, the deep laid policy, with which the nefarious plot was carried on, the numbers of all ranks and descriptions which were drawn in to take part in it, are facts that are indeed astonishing. In this confederacy the men of letters certainly played the principal part. And with so much earnestness they played it, that for many years nothing was done in France for the improvement of science, without a view to the disservice of religion. To this purpose every discovery was bent, every advancement in learning was applied.

"From the middle of the century to the period of the French revolution, every great literary undertaking in that kingdom, every considerable publication upon whatever subject, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Chymistry, Anatomy, Morals, Law, and Politics, was in some way or other brought to bear, directly or indirectly, upon the great object of the conspiracy, the defamation and discredit of the Christian religion. This was seldom indeed the immediate and avowed object, but it was a sort of underplot, if the expression may be allowed, in every piece, to which what appeared to be the main action was subservient. The stratagem was in this part the more certain of success, and of a wide and permanent effect, because many of the works which have this tendency, were performances of great merit in their avowed subjects, and for a long time will be standard books among those who apply themselves to the sciences of which they treat. Thus they conveyed the poison in the most unsuspicious form; they have scattered it wide over the civilized world, and they will transmit it to remote ages."

The learned prelate then goes on to give several examples of the wonderful skill and success with which this deep laid plot was carried into execution, and particularly takes notice of that great monument of all the science, all the literature, and all the wit of infidel France, the *Encyclopedie Française*.

"The famous Encyclopedie was undertaken by a knot of Atheists, at the suggestion of the leader of the band, as a work which would prove highly conducive to the success of their plot, by the opportunities it would afford them, in the way in which it was proposed to them to manage it, in which, indeed, they have managed it, of disseminating their own principles, of bringing darkness, doubt, and uncertainty upon the first principles of religion and morals, and of perplexing the inquisitive mind with the subtlety of dismembered disquisition upon abstruse metaphysical questions; disquisitions not given altogether, but broken into parts, and scattered, as it were, in fragments through the work, care being taken that what seems proved in one passage, shall seem to be confuted in another; while the reader is studiously referred from the one to the other of these contradictory articles; that if he is a studious inquirer after truth, he may derive nothing from the most diligent consultation of these omniscient volumes, but the torment of doubt, mistrust, and universal scepticism. Floundering in that muddy ocean for a certain length of time, it will be well with him, indeed, if its troubled waters float him not at last, when his strength is spent, to the dreary shores of Atheism. For if a man who has once believed in God, can but be brought to waver and doubt in that belief, the end will generally be, that there will be no God for him. To bring mankind slily and unawares to this state, was the object of the Encyclopedie."

The following is the conclusion of the contest between one of the authors of "The Echo," and a democratic newspaper scribbler. [For its commencement see our last, page 72.] The prose-man appears to have continued the combat with as much desperation and no more success than the Witherington of Chevy Chase.

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FROM THE MIDDLESEX GAZETTE FOR FEB. 13, 1790.

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MR. WOODWARD,

I have seen some observations in your paper upon public credit. The prose writer and the indecent and unprincipled bardling have not cast much light upon the subject. I have been told, indeed, the prose writer had no design of entering into argument upon the subject, but only meant to express disapprobation of the plan of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Grub-street poetry may perhaps be of some use, as all sorts of vermin must have their proper food.

The Secretary, in his report upon finance, has directly proposed to violate the Constitution of the United States. It is not in the power of Congress to comply with it. Every law and every ordinance made by the general, or any particular legislature, inconsistent with the Constitution, is merely void; has no binding efficacy. No judicial tribunal within the union can adjudge

a cause according to it: For the Constitution is the supreme law of the land.

There can be no question before Congress whether they will or will not pay the public debt. The *people* have already repeatedly and explicitly determined this important point. *

The debt we owe is the price of liberty, of independence, of the light of true glory, and of an example that the most enlightened part of the world is eagerly following. The nation will never wish to rid itself of the debt otherwise than by a complete payment, until it has lost all sense of shame, of honour, and of religion. For there never was a debt before contracted with such solemnities, such pledges of lives, of sacred honour, of the whole property of the people, with importunities, with the most repeated and most explicit reassurances of full payment.

N. B. It did not occur to my mind, when I wrote the above, that Congress are expressly disabled by the Constitution to vary past contracts. In the ninth section of the first article it declares, "No bill of attainder, or ex post facto law, shall be passed."

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FROM THE MIDDLESEX GAZETTE OF FEB. 20, 1790.

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MR. WOODWARD,

Still retaining the most lively esteem and profound veneration for the sublime and ingenious writer on the public debt, the muse, notwithstanding his evident misconception of her aim, is determined to pursue his steps with all the ardour of increased affection; as a kind hand-maid to sooth and solace his heavy hours, after the toils and fatigues he must necessarily experience in his honourable political warfare; and, as a faithful interpreter, to reduce his profound speculations and mysterious sublimity of style to the common level of vulgar understandings.

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WHEN I wrote you before I was all in a tremor,
From reading the plans of that Treasury schemer;
And, you may remember, so shockingly frighten'd,
I fear that the subject was not much enlighten'd;
For a subject so vast, so profound, and so new,
Must have a hawk's eye to look it quite through.
Moreover, so dull are the people of late,
So lost to themselves, so lost to the state,
That, with all the attractions that style can display,
My wise disquisitions were quite thrown away;
Which wears on my nature, and makes me repine,
That the pearls of my genius are cast to such swine.
'Tis true that my reas'nings have prov'd, to a tittle,
That when we grow large, we are not very little,
Yet, in spite of my logic, they will not discover,
That what is not right, must be wrong the world over.
To establish this maxim, so weighty, so true,
Is the point that I constantly keep in my view,
'Tis my *sine qua non*, 'tis the ultimate end
To which all my knowledge and arguments tend;
And still I'm resolv'd to write, argue, and puzzle,
Till all with conviction are cramm'd to the muzzle;
Notwithstanding by *bardlings* I'm pelted full sore,
And often have fretted, and even have swore,
To think that these creatures, these hatchers of *vermin*,
Should round my poor carrion keep constantly swarming.
Thus round a dead dog or a cat in the street,
Attracted by odours so fragrant and sweet,
An army of blow-flies, those impudent cozens,
Are filling the carcass with maggots by dozens.
I have said it before, and deny it who can,
That this same Secretary's a strange sort of man,
And am led to conclude, from his freaks and odd fancies,
He must either be groggy, or out of his senses;
Like Old Nick, to betray he seems constantly watching,
And ever some novel contrivance is hatching.
Not content with abusing *Miss Faith* in such sort
As would make e'n a Hottentot blush to retort,
Fill'd with carnal desires, a lewd eye has he cast
On Miss Constitution, that lady so chaste.
But I hope that our Congress will take proper care,
And not let him carry these matters too far,
For should they, the people will feel like the dickens,
As mad as a hen for the loss of her chickens.
There can be no doubt but the nation are holden
To pay all their debts, notwithstanding their scolding;
Nor can Congress, with any propriety, say
That they will or will not the creditors pay,

For the *people* have settled that point, and I think
That all *they've* to do is to get us the chink.
Now to me 'tis quite clear, tho' a doctrine so new,
That every just debt is most certainly due,
And what is still more, that, when we feel willing,
We ought to be able to pay every shilling.
For the debt that we owe we ought highly to prize,
As dear as our money, more dear than our eyes;
It was the vast price we for Liberty paid,
And eke Independence, that noble old maid;
For the light of true glory, that shines on us all,
Like a two-penny candle stuck into a wall,
For the glowing example so wond'rously trac'd,
And *eagerly followed by nations of taste,*
Since the Indians of Mexico, so say the papers,
Round liberty-poles are all cutting strange capers,
And, drunk with the spirit of freedom and glory,
Are cracking the skulls of the Spaniards like fury.
So great is my trust in the faith of the nation,
Their honour, religion, and high reputation,
That however the creditors grumble and fret,
I'm sure they'll ne'er try to get out of their debt.
For never before was a debt so contracted,
Such pledges of lives, such swearings exacted,
Such honour so sacred, so firm, and so pure,
With the people's whole interest to make it secure,
Such strong importunities, dunnings, and threats,
Of creditors, fearful of losing their debts,
Such good words and fair promises, often repeated,
And firm reassurance they should not be cheated.
But as, haply, my meaning may not be quite clear,
I shall, by a simile, make it appear.
When young Father Time in his cradle yet lay,
Ere Order had driven old Chaos away,
Together in goodly confusion were hurl'd
The various materials that make up the world:
Here snow, rain, and sun-shine, their capers were cutting,
And stars of all sizes like nabobs were strutting;
Here water and fire, companions so fitting,
Like a dog and a cat were most sociably sitting,
While a little beyond, with darkness to flank it,
Lay a bit of sky-light as big as a blanket.

Nota Bene. *I till now I forgot to remember,*
That Congress can't pass any bill of attainder
Or law ex post facto, that is, they can't bang us
For any old sins, though sufficient to hang us.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

SPECULATIONS OF DECIUS.

NO. XVIII.

In my last was noticed the care with which the framers of our constitution incorporated into it an independent judiciary; and the injunction we were laid upon to preserve it inviolate. When Lycurgus, the great Spartan legislator, had given the last touch to his laws, anxious for their perpetuity, he laid his countrymen under an obligation, not to alter nor annul them, until his return from a distant country, for which he was about taking his departure, to consult an oracle respecting the soundness of his institutions. He thenceforward became a voluntary exile; and, at his death, ordered his ashes to be thrown into the sea; lest possibly some part of his remains might fall into the hands of the Lacedemonians, and they thereby think themselves absolved from their engagement. This expedient was calculated to produce a lasting impression on the minds of an ignorant and superstitious people. It exhibits at once the consummate skill of the lawgiver, and the state of the public mind, as to its progress in refinement, then existing in his country. But very different was the state of ours at the time of the adoption of our constitution. A mild and benevolent religion had, long ere that period, silenced the heathen oracles, and broken to pieces the chains of superstition, which had bound the nations, previous to the promulgation of the evangelical doctrines. The invention of the compass, and the art of printing, had shed their influence for upwards of three centuries, in advancing refinement, and in disseminating light amongst the different classes of the eastern world, as well as amongst the adventurers of the

western. Hence the period before mentioned, found our countrymen enlightened and intelligent. A declaration of principles, within which we should be circumscribed, plainly and explicity declared in our constitutional articles, was, therefore, thought the most efficacious method of binding us to their observance; as the expedients rendered necessary by ancient superstition, would in our times have appeared ridiculous.

Considering, then, the inviolability of our constitution as a parental injunction, we may well inquire how we have shown our filial obedience. Were we able for the period of fourteen years to preserve the purity of that sacred charter? No: before so brief a period had elapsed, rash and polluted hands had defaced one of its brightest features. Our Judiciary was laid at the feet of executive and legislative ambition; and there mangled and mutilated. The moment that witnessed the outrage, was an inauspicious one for the liberty of our country:—her genius slumbered. If we have an enlightened patriot amongst us, he will often look back with regret to the year 1802; when Congress sat brooding over projects impregnated by party spirit and fanatic zeal; when young evils began to burst from their shells, and to become fledged for distant and desolating rapidity. Unfortunately the grasp of reason could not strangle in their infancy the vampyres of faction; therefore, without a well-directed and vigilant concert amongst the friends of constitution and law, we shall find they have grown to drain the vitals of the nation, when lulled to fatal sleep by visionary theory.

It cannot be too often repeated, that the encroachments of a deluding and deluded democracy, are all on the side of arbitrary power. Such, conclusively, was the case before us. It is true, all our citizens were not silent; nor were there more than two classes, the designing and the ignorant, who observed the transaction with applause: yet, from the insufficiency of the opposition raised against an outrage so ruinous, a precedent is set, inviting innovators to deface our constitution in its other features, as occasion may be presented to their unrighteous ambition. So far, indeed, has the evil already spread, that we are almost incessantly amused with some amendment or modification of it, fostered in the head of some petty projector, and offered to us for our consideration. Sometimes these pestilent notions are produced by the energies of men high in office; sometimes by energies more humble, and less fruitful: but in whatever way they may originate, or with whatever motive they may be suggested, they can only have the effect to familiarize us to changes, and to accelerate the dissolution of the fabrick of our liberties. Happy would it be for us, could we look back with pain to every aberration from constitutional principles, witnessed in the short history of our politics. The *esto perpetua* should be imprinted on the margin of our first and great charter, and every individual interested in the duration of their country's glory, learn its true import. Then would the people of these states be awakened into wrath at the proposition of paltry amendments. It would prove a wholesome jealousy; and ought to be carefully nurtured amongst us, until innovators meet the detestation they merit.

But, to conclude this head: we have to lament, that the independence of our judiciary has not only been attacked as guaranteed in the constitution of our general government, but also in some of the subordinate branches of the union. One of the states in particular, following an example which ought to have been execrated, has outdone her precedent in folly and infatuation; having levelled one important branch of government before the combined force of the other two. Such readers as have attended to the inroads of innovation, will perceive I allude to the proceedings which some time ago took place in Maryland, ultimately ending in the reduction of her judiciary to the control of her legislature and executive. Other states have

made progress in works of like offensive nature; some in a warfare against the *common law;* some in whimsically modifying the practice of courts of judicature; with various similar expedients, which generally have a tendency to set justice afloat, and leave the weak a prey to the strong. Thus circumstanced, with our judiciary in many respects deranged, what remains for us is, like wise men, to apply reasonable prescriptions to restore to former sanity, or, at least, to prevent it from being farther impaired.

The following is the Speech of Mr. Harison, at the meeting of the Federalists, mentioned in our last, at Mechanic Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 25th ult.—taken from the Evening Post.

Amidst the applauses, and before the question of concurrence was put, Mr. HARISON rose.

Tum, pictate gravem ac meritis si forte virum, quem
Conspexere, silent; arrectisque auribus adstant.

The speech which he delivered was of so interesting and important a nature, that we do not feel ourselves at liberty to deviate in any instance from the very sentiments expressed, and whenever memory enables us to do so, we shall adhere even to his language. It is, however, that particular part which we deem uncommonly interesting at the approaching election, as tending to unite the electors on one point, and give a direction to the public mind of the federal party, that we are thus careful to preserve with such strict fidelity.—The rest is of course very much abridged.

Mr. Harison said a sense of duty would not permit him to remain silent on this occasion; he should not, however, after the able and eloquent speech of the gentleman who had preceded him, attempt to give even a general sketch of our national affairs. The deplorable situation of our country must be deeply impressed upon the mind of every American. Abroad we saw loss of credit; at home oppression: and it must be evident to us all, that we could only hope for a change of the measures which had brought us into this situation, by a change of men. This change must take place as well in the state governments, as the national: the connexion between them being such, that the whole machine was more or less affected by whatever affected the parts of it. He said his principal object was to speak to the meeting on a point of some difficulty, and no less delicacy—*the choice of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.* That he was perfectly aware of the difference of sentiment that prevailed among the people, and he had himself experienced great struggles with his individual feelings. That undoubtedly, if we could have had a *federal* Governor, there would have been no room for hesitation: for he could not think we were warranted by the past to entertain any very sanguine hopes as to the future. But that after weighing well the prospects, and comparing the opinions of gentlemen in different parts of the state, the result was an opinion, that we could not calculate sufficiently on success to hazard the experiment. The consequence was, that only two candidates would appear. Shall we then, shall the federalists withdraw themselves from both, and remain quiet spectators between them? Or shall they give their suffrages for the one in preference to the other? However the first impression in the minds of the electors might be otherwise, it was very clear, that to remain perfectly neutral, so as to aid neither, was in itself impossible: inasmuch as not to give our votes to neither, was to permit the stronger of the two to succeed, and was equivalent in its consequences to giving him our direct and efficient support. The question then comes to this, shall we contribute to establish the power of that party who have exercised it in the most despotic and intolerant manner, or shall we support the other, whose measures have certainly been more moderate, though not perfectly steady and correct, and from which there is still room to hope for conduct that may be entitled to our

approbation?—*There was certainly a choice even in evils*—and to choose the least was to obtain a comparative good. That personal considerations must be discarded upon such an occasion, if we were actuated by public motives. Gentlemen, if true to their principles, might be obliged to vote against the individual whom they might otherwise have preferred, and that the federalists could only retain their weight in society by sacrificing their private feelings to the general sentiment—That these considerations had weighed with him to adopt a choice to which he had been very averse; that the same motives would, he trusted, have their influence with his fellow-citizens; but that whatever might be their determination upon this subject, he thought it would be indecorous and improper to adopt any public act or resolution respecting it; that we might reasonably expect from the very eminent talents and high character of the federal gentlemen in nomination, as Senator and Assemblymen, that they would receive the most animated support; and that if chosen, they would have a very commanding influence upon our public affairs, at least if our State Administration was not in the hands of a party, used to govern with unfeeling and despotic oppression——That for all these reasons he trusted that the most unanimous exertions would be made in support of the nomination; and that with respect to the choice of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor the federalists would pursue that course of conduct which upon the whole should seem best calculated to restore sound principles to the government, and promote the happiness and tranquillity of their country.

Mr. Colden then addressed a few words to the meeting, inculcating the strong necessity there now was of unanimity, and of the sacrifice of all individual partialities, prejudices, discontentedness of every kind, if, contrary to his expectation, any should exist. After which he moved the following resolution:

"*Resolved unanimously*, That the Federal Republican Electors of the city and county of New-York, meet in their respective Wards on Monday evening next at 7 o'clock, to adopt such measures as may be deemed proper to promote the Election of the above named candidates and to appoint three persons in each Ward, who may together form a general committee to further that object."

"After this the meeting adjourned. To add any thing here by way of inducing the federalists to support the candidates agreed upon would be deemed superfluous; almost impertinent. Let the electors of the city look at the list offered, and if there is a man who does not feel proud at having it in his power to give a vote for such a list, he possesses not the true feelings of a federalist. Without intending any invidious comparisons, let us say the elevated name that heads the list is enough in itself to insure success to the ticket.

Nil desperandum TEUCRO duce, et auspice TEUCRO."

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by an act entitled, "An act to suspend the operation of an act entitled an act to prohibit the importation of certain goods, wares, and merchandize, and to remit the penalties incurred under the same," the President of the United States is authorized further to suspend the operation of the said prohibitory act, if in his judgment the public good should require it: *Provided*, that such suspension shall not extend beyond the second Monday in December next—*And whereas*, it is judged for the public interest that such suspension should take place: Now therefore be it known, that I, THOMAS JEFFERSON, President the United States, by virtue of the authority aforesaid, do hereby suspend the operation of the act entitled "An act to prohibit the importation of certain goods, wares and merchandize," passed on the eighteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and six,

until the second Monday of December next.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents, and signed the same with my hand. Done at the city of Wash-
(L.S.) ington the twenty fourth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seven, and of the sovereignty and independence of the United States of America the thirty first.

TH: JEFFERSON.

By the President.

JAMES MADISON,
Secretary of State.

AARON BURR.

Concerning this personage we have just been favoured with the following extract of a letter from a respectable gentleman in Fredericksburg, (Vir.) to his correspondent in this city, March 27:

"Aaron Burr arrived here last even ing, guarded by nine men, who have conducted him about 1200 miles from some part of the Mobile River, where he was taken by an officer of Government under Governor Williams' proclamation; the party had been here but a very short time when they were met by a messenger from the President, directing the officer who commanded on receiving his message to change their route immediately and proceed to Richmond, and there deliver their prisoner to George Hay, Esq. attorney for the United States; they left this place in the stage this morning, and will be in Richmond in the evening. How very different was this man's entry last evening, from what it was seven or eight years ago! Then he came to attend the Grand Caucus at Monticello, by which the Federalists were turned out, and himself elevated to the Vice-President's chair. He was now meanly and dirtily dressed, guarded like a felon, and apparently much depressed and sunk in spirits. The presumption is, that he is sent to Richmond to be tried at the District Court here, which will sit in a few days. It is said his first movements were about Blannerhasset's Island, which is in this state, and of course the trial will take place where the offence was committed."

[*Com. Ad.*

We have been frequently cautioned by our water-gruel politicians against strictures on the character and measures of Bonaparte. To such advice we would answer, that if we are possessed of such a base and pusillanimous spirit that we dare not canvass the character nor question the measures of the arch-jacobin, we had better submit at once, import our governors, dukes, marshals, &c. from Paris, and divide the United States into departments after the model of regenerated France. But we hope that successful villany will not always be popular, and believe that by depriving the French and their leader of the support of public opinion, we take away a most powerful auxiliary to the power that not only threatens, but has in some measure deprived us of our national independence. With such motives we offer the following sketch of Bonaparte, drawn by Mr. Windham, in the British House of Commons.

"The topic here alluded to (the character of Bonaparte) is so closely connected with this subject (the subject of peace with France), that the argument is evidently defective without it. An opinion indeed prevails, and is insisted upon by persons of much apparent wisdom and gravity, that an inquiry into the conduct and merits of the First Consul is unbecoming and improper; unsuited to the dignity of a great assembly, and incapable of being made conducive to

any useful purpose. To many, however, it may seem that *just the contrary of this is the fact*; that in the history of the world, an instance can hardly be found of any one, whose personal qualities were so much a subject of general concern, and consequently so proper an object of inquiry; and that the occasion of all others, when such an inquiry must be most proper and necessary, was that in which we were preparing to sign a treaty of peace with the person in question, founded expressly upon our confidence in his character, and intrusting to the issue of our judgment in that respect, the whole of the interest, welfare, independence, and even existence of a great empire." *Mr. Windham's Speech on the Address on the Preliminaries of Peace*, November 4, 1801. Appendix, 93, 94. Mr. Windham then enters into a brief review of the atrocities committed by Bonaparte, duly characterizing them as he proceeds; and, adverting to his conduct in Egypt, justly represents it as a "singular combination of all that is great and all that is little—all that is great in guilt and mischief, all that is little and despicable in the means of its execution."

"Such is the deplorable baseness of mankind, such the abject homage, which men are willing to pay to crimes attended with success, to wickedness united with power, that none of the acts committed at any time by the agents of the French Government, seem at all to have hurt their reception in the world, either collectively or individually. Their oppressions and cruelties excite no indignation; their low and scandalous frauds no contempt; their treacheries no distrust. In the case of the person here in question, you would swear, that his perfidies became him, and that, like one of Horace's mistresses, the more false and faithless he showed himself, the greater was his train of followers among the admiring and adoring Governments of Europe."

——— Tu, simil obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multò, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

"There is a perfect contest for the honour of being betrayed by him. The example of those unfortunate and confiding countries, who have been already reduced and undone, produce no caution, inspire no terror.

"After the remark made at the beginning of this note, it will hardly be asked, of what use is it to notice these facts? It is of some use to know betimes the character of the person, *who is in a fair way of becoming our master*, and who, in fact, is so already, as far as relates to a perfect ascendency over those who direct our councils. But it is of great use in another view, to point out to notice such parts of the history of the First Consul, as those which we have been speaking of. It is of consequence to know, who it is that particular persons admire. If it be true, that a man is known by his company, *(noscitur à socio)* it is equally true, that some judgment may be formed from those whom he extols and looks up to. What, it has been asked, must be the priest, where a monkey is the god? What must be the admirer, where the object of admiration is a person capable of such a proceeding as the pretended conversion to Mahomedanism? It will be admitted, probably, that this is not to come in, in the *heroic* part of the character. But I wish to know, with respect to a large class of his admirers, the enthusiasts of liberty, the asserters of rights, the respecters of the independence of nations, the abhorrers of war, *the lovers of peace* and pacific arts, the exploders of military fame—what in their estimation *is* the heroic part, or what they would point out as the subject of *their* panegyric? Is it possible that *they* can hold out to us, as an object of admiration, the character of a man, whose merit, whatever its amount may be, must in kind be that of a soldier and a conqueror; whose sole occupation has been *war*, the foundation of whose fame and power was laid wholly upon military exploits; who unites in himself all that these persons profess to abhor in an Alexander and a Cæsar; who has been at

once the conqueror of foreign nations, and the subverter of the liberties of his own? These things show, beyond a doubt, what, for the greater part, these eulogiums on the character of the First Consul really are. They are either *the base abject homage paid by the generality of mankind to successful crime*, or the insidious praises of men, who, under the mask of liberty, patriotism, and respect for rights, are seeking to gratify their own spleen or ambition, and preparing the downfal of their country. Whatever credit may be due to him for military talents, and whatever certainly is due to him for decision, boldness, vigilance, address, capacity for great though wicked enterprises, it will be difficult to account otherwise than is above done, for the sort of praises which we hear, and the quarters from which they come." Idem, ibid. p. 100, 102.

DEMAGOGUE HUNTING.

No. IV.

LIES AND MISREPRESENTATIONS, *OF THE CITIZEN.*

THE principal paper of the faction in this place has teemed abundantly of late with falsehoods and sophisms of a more malicious cast than usual. We have neither leisure nor patience to contradict nor expose the one half of what has appeared in that paper of this week only, but some of the more atrocious shall claim a moment's attention.

" Miranda was in the pay of England—
" Miranda plotted with Federalists the ex-
" pedition—Miranda with Federalists de-
" ceived, betrayed, kidnapped, and finally
" led to imprisonment and death, our fel-
" low-citizens. The expedition was in toto
" Anglo-Federal—it was begun, set on foot,
" provided for, and carried into effect, as
" far as it has been carried into effect, by
" Federalists.——

" Who allured—who betrayed—who by
" base misrepresentations drew from their
" relatives and friends the young men who
" are now suffering in Spanish gibbets? Fe-
" deralists. And yet we are told by Mr.
" Ogden that the unfortunate men are suf-
" fering by the TREACHERY and CRUELTY of
" Mr. Jefferson!" [*Citizen of March* 31.

This expedition would not have been unlawful, if it had been sanctioned by Government. It is well known that we had suffered insults and aggressions from Spain, which would justify a retaliation on our part. It was made the President's duty by an express act of Congress, " to employ such part of the land or naval forces of the United States, or of the militia, as shall be judged necessary for the purpose of taking possession of and detaining every vessel provided or prepared for any military expedition or enterprise fitted out within the territory of the United States against the territory or dominions of any foreign state *at peace with the United States.*"

It was made abundantly evident on the Miranda-trial,—it was a matter of public notoriety, that this expedition, its nature, design, and extent, were known to the administration. It then must follow, and every rational man must conclude, that it had received their sanction, because if that were not the case, the President must be considered as culpable in not using the power vested in him by the law above mentioned, for putting a stop to the expedition. Would it not appear to any man of plain common sense, Federalist or Anti-Federalist, that an expedition fitting out in New-York, with the knowledge, and of consequence with either the express or tacit assent of the President and administration, was lawful, especially when an express law *made it the duty* of the former to put a stop to the enterprise, if it were not lawful?

In short, Federalists or any other persons who beheld Miranda's preparations going on, with the knowledge of Mr. Jefferson; and knowing that in this case in particular, Qui non vetat peccare cum posset, jubet *, must ei-

* He who does not forbid the perpetration of crime, when it is in his power to prohibit it, commands it.

ther conclude that the expedition was conformable to the laws of nations, and the laws of our country, or that Mr. Jefferson was guilty of a neglect of duty, which ought to subject him to impeachment. How then can we suffer with patience such a wretch as Cheetham to declare, that "Miranda with *Federalists*, deceived, betrayed, kidnapped, and finally sent to imprisonment and death, our fellow-citizens?"

The next in order is stated to be a question put to Mr King, as a witness before the grand jury, in the trial of Smith and Ogden.

"Question.—Do you know, or have you "been informed by Gen. Miranda, or from "any other authentic source, that the ex- "ecutive of the United States has in any "way aided or countenanced Miranda's ex- "pedition?" To which Mr. King replied: "I do not; but on the contrary, I have "uniformly understood, in all my conversa- "tions with Miranda, that government had "not aided, or in any way contenanced the "expedition."

To this the editor of the Evening Post declares: "We might with pro- "priety ask how any grand juror, "could, consistently with the oath he "had taken, make the disclosure here "mentioned; but waving this point, "we make the most peremptory deni- "al of his statement: *Mr. King never "made the answer here ascribed to him.*"

We are next, in the same paper, presented with a bead-roll of false insinuations in the shape of queries:

"Will you tell us why the Federalists did "not make some appropriation, (for forti- "fying New-York) when they had the "power?"

The Federalists did make provision for the defence of the nation, in spite of the clamours of the now dominant faction against the measuré. They passed acts such as, "An act to provide for the further defence of the ports of the United States," June, 1797. An act providing a naval armament, July 1, 1797. An act to provide an additional armament, April 27th, 1798," &c. &c. They built and purchased a navy, and we were then respected in consequence of our being able to command respect.

"Our republican President, (says the "Citizen) has recommended to undertake "permanent and substantial ones," (fortifications.)

A falsehood of the same tissue with the rest. Have not the democratic faction refused any larger sum than 20,000 dollars, to put the whole sea coast from New-Orleans to St. Croix, in a state of defence? And is not Tom Paine, Mr. Jefferson's *useful labourer*, squeezing his dry brains to prove that New-York is incapable of any kind of fortification?

Do you not, (says the Citizen) preach yet, gentlemen, your old federal doctrine? viz:

That a *public debt* is a public blessing? That a *standing army* is a public blessing? That oppressive *land taxes* are public blessings? That *alien bills* and *sedition laws* are public blessings?

That a *stamp act* is a public blessing? That a great accumulation of offices at the will of the President, is a public blessing?

That it is a private, as well as a public blessing, for a man to have his house measured? &c.

It is wonderful how a simple set of falsehoods and misrepresentations may be rung by these villainous demagogues, through changes without number. There is not a single lie couched in these deceptive queries, which has not been a thousand times satisfactorily answered: but we will give line upon line.

No federalist ever said that a public debt was a public blessing. No! for they took the only effective measures which ever were taken for paying it.

No federalist ever said that a standing army was a public blessing. But Bonaparte, the democratic idol, has a standing army, according to Duane, of about 800,000 men.

No federalist ever proposed oppressive land taxes; but Giles, Madison, and Co. did propose land taxes, and clamoured the federalists into the measure.

As to "alien bills," there is nobody that has the least smattering of infor-

mation on the subject, and whose principles are not poisoned by democracy, who does not know that a right exists in the executive of any country, according to the law of nature, as well as of nations, sanctioned by the great principle of self-preservation, to banish turbulent and seditious foreigners, (such as Cheetham, for example) who threaten the peace and welfare of the nation in which they reside. This is a right which has been repeatedly exercised in England as well as other countries, by the supreme executive; and the federal law on that subject was merely *declaratory* of the laws of nations.

As to the *sedition law*, there is not a single democrat, unless he is a mere tool of the leading demagogues, who does not *know* that this law was favourable to the rights of the people, and gave them a privilege unknown at common law, that of writing and printing what they pleased, provided they could prove what they wrote or printed to be *true*.

As to the *Stamp act*, it is well known that this act operated as a tax upon the rich only. It is true that a tax with that title was one of the most obnoxious measures of the British administration at the commencement of our dispute with England. It was not, however, the tax itself, *but the right of imposing it*, which caused the contention.

The federalists would contend, says the Citizen,

> "That an alliance offensive and defensive "with Great-Britain is the only salvation of "the country, and the greatest possible pub- "lic blessing."

Now the truth is, that the only proposition for an alliance to that extent, which has yet been made, was from the Richmond Enquirer, a democratic paper.

What we have here exposed is only a light sample of the lies and misrepresentations, contained in the Citizen of the 31st. ult. We will now take up the next number.

The Citizen of the 1st inst. is stuffed with falsehoods against Mr. King of a still more atrocious nature.

> "We know not how he (Mr. King) was "first elected a member of congress. He "resided in a democratic district in Massa- "chusetts. What was to be done to gratify "ambition? He became, as a federalist "might term it, a bawling democrat, and "professing democracy, and ingratiating "himself into public favour by his profes- "sions, he got himself elected."

There is not a cent to choose between the head and the heart of this *public liar*. In the beginning of the foregoing paragraph, *he knows not how* Mr. King was elected, but before he finishes he tells us in substance, that by *becoming a bawling democrat*, he got himself elected! The truth is, that Mr. King was elected before the now dominant faction had showed its hydra heads—before the parties of federalists and democrats had any existence in the United States. The editor of the Evening Post in answer to this charge declares:

> "It happens that we recollect the period when Mr King made his first entrance into public life. It was under the old confederation; long before the names of federalism or democracy were known. But this is not all: Mr. King first distinguished himself as a member of the state legislature, in a speech, of which the splendid merit is yet talked of in Massachusetts, in favour of the *impost* against the demagogue James Sullivan, the present democratic candidate for governor in that state.—He was the next day chosen almost unanimously to Congress, not by the district of Maine, but by the House of Representatives.—He never was a democrat."—But to Cheetham.

> "I do not exactly know at what period "of our party contests he *changed his coat*, "but we may safely conclude it was when "federalism promised something better."

To be sure you do not *exactly* know *any thing* about Mr. King, but still you would not hesitate to give his biography. But the less knowledge the more need of invention; and for an offhand falsehood Baron Munchausen was a fool to bully Cheetham.

This firebrand of faction next proceeds through more than a column of base and malicious LIES of a similar tenor and complexion with the preceding, and all by way of prelude to a raw

head and bloody-bones story from "the National Intelligencer," which we shall probably take notice of in our next.

A late London paper states that the health of Bonaparte has been so much impaired, that his medical attendants entertain the most serious apprehensions for his safety.

Although we have not been disposed to attribute the greatness of France so much to the personal qualifications of Bonaparte, as to those causes which have been operating since the commencement of the French revolution to convert the nation into a military, ambitious, perfidious, turbulent, and powerful horde of conspirators, yet we believe that the death of Bonaparte, at this juncture, would augur well for the happiness of the human race.

As we are ever solicitous to render to successful exertions of intellect that applause which is too frequently the only reward of merit, we regret that by mistake the sketch of Mr. Ogden's speech at the Federal meeting, was mentioned in our last as an abridgment from the "*daily papers.*" The article from which ours was abridged, was the production of the Editor of the Evening Post.

The request of VINDEX shall be complied with in our next.

TO DR. CAUSTIC.

SIR,

The other day I happened to stumble on an "*Address to the Independent Republicans of the County of Kings,*" printed in *The Citizen* of the 30th ult. It seemed to me so pithy, so pointed, and so pat to the purpose, that I could not resist the temptation of serving it up in another form, the better to tickle the palate of the public. Indeed, I have more good reasons than I shall take the trouble to mention, to induce me to attempt this task. Among others I wished, if possible, to make my good democratic friends in our county gulp down the substance of said Address, because I conceived it would have a spirit-stirring effect. I moreover wished

To clap the writer on the shoulder,
And tell him, I'll be *bottle-holder;*
And past a doubt, with my protection,
Feds *buy the rabbit*, next election,

as the "*Pleader's Guide*" *might* have had it. In order, however, to appear a little *tonnish*, I thought it best to give my *mess of jingling* an appropriate title, and one which could not fail to please all men of taste; and here it is.—

INDIAN JOHNNY-CAKE:

OR,

THE TITIVATING TITUBATIONS

OF

GEN. BENHADAD BANGEM, ESQ.

FELLOW-CITS, tell you what, now, the d-v-l's a coming,
Yes he is, sure enough, for I hear him a drumming*!
And what's worse, next election, I'll bet a whole dollar,
The vile British Fed'rals will beat us all hollow,
Unless every noddy, and ninny, and numhead,
Shall strain every nerve just as tight as a drum-head.
Without turning over historical pages,
Or posing our pates with the annals of ages,
We see plain enough, by the villainous tricks
Display'd every day in our own politics,
That lovers of liberty, canting and whining,
Are dastardly demagogues, dark and designing,
Who into fat offices wriggle and twist,
By getting their names upon Jefferson's list,
And then with sheer pride being blown like a bladder,
When mounted themselves, why they kick down their ladder!
With as little remorse, bring us up with a bitter,
As one would drown puppies—say nine in a litter!
For example, the great Mister Governor Lewis,
Although it's well known that he very well knew his
Dependence on us for official existence,
Now keeps all our Cheethamite gang at a distance.
Attachment to *principle*—that is, *our side*,
We thought such a band, that his hands would be tied.
But the principal principle then in our heads,
Was to *up* with the *demos*, and *down* with the Feds.

* ——————— *some*
Have heard the devil beat a drum.
HUDIBRAS.

'Twas a contract implied, that when Lewis got in,
He should hold all the Jacobins up by the chin;
But now when we fear lest the genuine faction
Should be hiss'd from the stage of political action,
When we well might expect that he'd give us a lift,
To the popular tempest he turns us adrift.

The moment, however, we'd cause to suppose
We had not exactly our hook in his nose,
We order'd our rascally foreign scape-gallows
To commence an attack with the harpoon of malice,
To worry him worse than a bull that is baited,
And hunt down the creature ourselves have created.
Thus a poor wicked heathen falls hard to work—*good*,
Hacks, hammers, and hews him a *god*, out of wood,
But finding his grand wooden deity-ship
Can't keep him from pinching adversity's grip,
He seizes his hatchet, and, foaming with ire,
Splits his god into splinters to kindle the fire!

If said Mister Governor had, to a fraction,
Come into the views of the demagogue faction,
Instead of affording a handle for strife,
He had been at least a first consul for life;
But now 'tis apparent he's in full communion
With a *terrible! terrible!! terrible!!!* union
Of federal quiddical tory-like trash,
And therefore deserves to be flea'd by my lash.
Amidst a most horrible chaos of doubt,
There is one thing, by magic, at length I found out,
That 'tis a sad truth, in these wiseacre times,
Republicanism's the greatest of crimes.
The Feds are such tyrants they would doom to a cart
Our Republican bully, the bold Bonapart'.
Mr. Governor Lewis's Council, you know,
The office of Mayor have dar'd to bestow
On a man, than whom possibly ne'er was a greater
Old crony of Burr, and that Burr is a traitor.
'Tis true the Clintonians courted this Burr,
But that on *our* party cannot be a blur;
Our party, G-d bless them! can do what they choose,
Because they have no reputation to lose!

For the Weekly Inspector.

VERSES,

By a young lady of New-York, in the 14th year of her age.

Oh! say thou poor wanderer, whose half stifled sighs,
Prove a heart full of wo which all comfort denies,
Why climbst thou the wild rugged steep?
Why, when to repose wearied mortals repair,
Except haggard envy, and madd'ning despair,
Say, why dost thou wander and weep?

And dost thou not ask why the lilies refuse,
To raise their fair heads, and their odours diffuse,
When the west the sun's last beam receives?
'Tis because now no longer his warm cheering ray
O'er Nature's fair face pours the lustre of day,
And strikes midst their soft downy leaves.

Or dost thou too wonder that yon drooping Vine,
When no longer around the tall Elm it can twine,
Should scatter its leaves, as you see?
'Tis because its once friendly supporter is gone,
And it droops on the ground from its proud height cast down,
All forlorn and forsaken like me!

And 'tis thus, Ah, kind stranger! I wander and weep,
And roam through the valley, or climb the rough steep,
To beguile the long, long tedious hour;
But it is not for fortune and honours I mourn,
Or hope's fleeting visions which never return,
Or the eager sought phantoms of power:

But I mourn, like the Vine, for the loss of a friend,
For the best of all blessings, kind heaven can send,
A friend the most true and sincere,
Whose value exceeded all riches and power,
Or Hope's gayest visions, which fade in an hour,
And to my fond heart far more dear.

Yet soon shall the sun pour the lustre of day,
And the lily expand to its warm cheering ray,
And again the gay garden adorn;
And again shall we see round its elm tree entwin'd
The vine late cast down—but to my tortur'd mind
Will Happiness never return!

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